

This is the way in which Canada's great timber harvest seeks the sea. At Quebec the rafts are broken up and the "sticks" are hauled through timber ports in the bows of the vessels that shall bear it to the markets of the Old World.

"HOME AGAIN."

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd, ever turns to thee.

—GOLDSMITH.

At Ottawa, Lawrence took leave, not without much motion, of his winter comrades and friends, for such, with scarce an exception, they had become. He wrung Evans long and warmly by the hand, and adjured him to avoid the taverns at Quebec.

Evans shook his hand and said, "I guess the only safe place for me is at the North Pole, or somewhere else which the liquor has not reached, and such places are hard to find."

O'Neal took both Lawrence's hands in his own and shook them, while the tears ran down his face. "Never fear," he said, "I've drunk my last sup of whiskey, an' I'll go an' see the Methody pracher as soon as I get to Quebec, an' put meself under his care. I feel as wake as an unweaned child, not able to walk alone," which, to one who noted his huge bulk and interpreted him literally, would seem a rather astounding statement.

Lawrence received his winter's wages from the agent of the lumber company at Ottawa, and found himself the possessor of more money than he had ever owned in his life. He felt an honest, manly pride in the fact that it was earned, every dollar, by his own hands. He knew what hard toil it cost, and he determined to make it go as far as possible in carrying out his cherished purpose. The free gift of three times the amount would have been a less valuable possession, without the lessons of thrift, economy, and self-denial that to well-balanced minds hard-earned money brings.

At the camp, on account of his superior education, Evans had been employed much of his time as clerk, accountant, and keeper of the stores. After his accident at the "timber jam," which proved more serious than it seemed at first,—Lawrence, relieved him of those duties, and had, from his trustworthy character and obliging manner, discharged them greatly to the satisfaction of the foreman and of the entire camp.

Mr. McIntyre, the company's agent, to whom his fidelity and skill had been reported, offered him for three years the post of clerk, which would relieve him of much of the hard work of the camp, with the promise of a hundred dollars increase of salary each year, and the chance of further promotion at the expiration of that time.

"I am much obliged, Mr. McIntyre," replied Lawrence, "but I cannot accept the situation."

"Has ye onything else in view,

lad?" asked the kind-hearted Scotchman.

With some hesitancy, Lawrence told him his purpose to use his hard earned money to pay his way for a time at college.

"Vera guid; I was twa winters at auld Mareschal mysel'. But what then? Ye'll be gangin' into the law or phleesic belike; and enym' genteel starvation instead o' earnin' an honest leevin' in business."

Lawrence modestly explained his further hope of preaching the Gospel.

"An' what'll ye get for that, gin I may speer?" asked the agent.

"Perhaps a hundred dollars a year for four years," replied Lawrence, "and then three or four hundred more."

"An' here I offer as much as that at the vera start, and before four years double as much."

"If you were to offer me ten times as much, I dare not take it," said Lawrence firmly, yet respectfully. "I feel bound as by a promise to the dead, a duty to the living, and an obligation to my Maker."

"In that case there's nae mair to be said," replied Mr. McIntyre. "If ye're boun' to starve, ye're gaun to do it on high prenciples, I see. I'll no say yere no richt. Fair ye weel an' guid luck to ye," and he shook him warmly by the hand.

At the truly "general" store of Father Daily, Lawrence bought a new suit for himself, stuff for a dress for his mother, and some bright ribbons for little Nell. In spite of himself, he got a very good bargain out of Mr. Daily, who gave him a very unbusiness-like discount. At the village bookstore, he bought Robinson Crusoe for Tom—a book he had long been wanting—and a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems for his sister Mary.

In order to enjoy for a day longer the company of Jim Dowler, to whom he felt his soul knit by tender ties, he took passage in a barge on the Rideau Canal. The little cabin was a mere box "where ye cudn't swing a cat," as Jim remarked. "But then, nobody wants to," he added, "an' so as we can double up at night, what's the odds?"

While the barge was going through the locks, the two friends strolled along the bank of the canal, Lawrence giving much good counsel, and Jim thankfully drinkin' it in.

"I used to think that nobody cared for Jim Dowler's soul, but now I know better, an' I'll try, God helpin' me, to save it, for yer sake an' my sainted mother's, who's an angel in heaven, an' for my own sake."

At night, they had literally to "double up," so "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" were they in the berths of the barge. Next morning they parted, Lawrence taking the stage for Northville. His emotions, as he drew near home, we shall not attempt to describe. It was after dark when he arrived.

His coming was not expected, for no letters could be sent from the Mattawa.

He walked rapidly up the garden path, intending to surprise the inmates; but the love-quickened ear of his mother recognized his footstep, and with the cry of delight "That's Lawrence," she rushed to the door, scattering spools, thimble, and work on the carpet,—a home-made one of rags. A moment more and the brave boy was in his mother's arms, and a long, loving embrace, holy as any ever known on earth, was his. His sister Mary claimed her turn, then little Nell and Tom, who varied the performance by dancing around the floor with delight, and then returning to hug and kiss their brother again.

"Thank God to be home again, mother dear," he said. "I want to embrace you all at once," and he tried to fold them all in his long, strong arms.

"God bless you, my son; your mother's prayers are answered at last."

"How handsome Mary has grown," said Lawrence, after all enquiries as to each other's welfare were over. "Why, Mary, you're almost as handsome as mother."

"Thank you, Lawrence dear, that's the highest compliment you could pay me," said the affectionate girl.

"And these children, how they've grown," he went on folding one in each arm. And a very pretty group they made, the great bronzed fellow, the two fair children, and the loving mother and sister hanging on his shoulder and stroking his hair.

"But we must give you more substantial welcome than this," said the housewifely mother, and soon the snowy cloth was laid, and furnished with white bread, sweet butter, and rich strawberries and cream—"A feast fit for a king," Lawrence declared. While his due ample justice to this dainty purveying, Tom brought his slate to show how he could do long division, and Nelly her Christmas Sunday-school prize, and Mary her elegant gold watch—"so useful at school, you know," she said,—a present for playing the organ in church; and the mother brought,—well, she had nothing to bring but the great mother-love beaming in her rich dark eyes, with which she feasted proudly on her boy, and he basked in their light with a feeling of infinite content.

Then the presents were distributed, amid great glee and fresh caresses—amongst the rest, a pair of embroidered moocasins from Red Fawn for his mother and tiny bark baskets of maple sugar for the children. But the bearskin rug made the greatest sensation of all, and the story of Bruin's capture had to be told with all its details, the mother's cheek paling, and Tom's eyes flashing from time to time at the crisis of the tale. The wolf adventure, Lawrence did not tell for some time after.

Great gladness filled their hearts that night as Lawrence read his

favourite psalm, the hundred and seventh, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever," with its exultant refrain, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men." And sound was his sleep and sweet his dreams as he sank into his downy nest in his little attic chamber, for which he had so often longed as he lay upon the spruce boughs in the lumber shanty on the Mattawa. As he lay in the dreamy border-land between sleeping and waking, he was aware of a saintly face bending over him, and a mother's kiss falling lightly as a rose leaf on his forehead, and a mother's tear, not of sorrow, but of joy, falling on his cheek, and he seemed to be again a little child in his crib, watched over by a mother's love, and his soul was filled with a great content.

(To be continued.)

The Little Ones.

Only a little lad

With a morsel of barley bread,  
And a few small fish. 'Twas all he had,  
So the disciples said,  
As they placed his gift before  
The blessed Master's feet;  
When, lo! from out the wondrous store,  
Five thousand people eat!

Only a little child

Obeying the Saviour's will,  
Yielding his heart, by sin defiled,  
With his gifts and graces small.  
Yet firm with a purpose true,  
And filled with a faith sublime,  
The good that little child can do  
May reach to the end of time.

—Aunt Adna.

NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you that gives it to me—isn't it?"

"Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother.

"Where do I get the bread I give you?"

"From the baker, mamma."

"And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of which he makes the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?"

"Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember Uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?"

"Well, now, suppose that Uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no squashing, and no dew, and no rain, would Uncle George have any harvest?"

"Why, no," said little Nellie.

"Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven, who never forgets to give us what we need."